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GUIDE TO THE TROSACHS

STIRLING—CALLANDER—THE TROSACHS—
LOCH KATRINE—LOCH LOMOND,
ETC. ETC.

With Numerous Illustrations byirket Foster.

EDINBURGH :
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.

1860.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

	Page
Stirling Castle	1
Doune Castle	19
Benledi from Callander Bridge	23
Ruins of the Chapel of St. Bride in the Pass of Leny	28
Loch Lubnaig	31
Balquhiddar and Loch Voil	32
Lake Menteith	37
Aberfoyle	40
Loch Ard	41
Coilantogle Ford—River Teith	43
Loch Venachar	47
Duncraggan, at Bridge of Turk	48
Bridge of Turk	49
Loch Achray	50
The Trosachs and Benvenue	52
Loch Katrine	54
Helen's Isle	55
Inversnaid Fort	58
Loch Lomond	61
Rob Roy's Cave	64
Ben Lomond	65

CONTENTS.



	Page
Preliminary Remarks—Sketch of Route from Edinburgh to the Trosachs	1-7
Description of Stirling	8-14
Railway Route from Stirling to Callander	14-22
Callander—Benledi—Falls of Bracklinn—Leny House—The Roman Camp, etc.	23-28
Route, Callander to Loch Lubnaig, Loch Voil, and Balqu- hiddy	29-36
Route, Callander to Lake Menteith, Aberfoyle, and Loch Ard	36-43
Route, Callander to the Trosachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, etc.	44-61
Loch Lomond	62-71

BLACK'S GUIDE TO THE TROSACHS.



THAT portion of Scotland, so well known by the name of the Trosachs, is now rendered very accessible by the direct railway communication with Callander. The favourite approach has always been from the east by

Stirling and Callander, and there can be little doubt that the scenery is seen to most advantage in that way. From Edinburgh, Callander is reached in two and a half hours (and in two hours from Glasgow), and those who book through, by means of the railway tourist tickets, are conveyed along the whole course of the route with ease and rapidity.

From the line of railway between Edinburgh and Stirling, the following places are worthy of a passing notice :—On leaving Edinburgh, Corstorphine Hill, studded with beautiful villas, on the right ; the Pentland Hills on the left ; about 18 miles from Edinburgh, Linlithgow, with the ruins of the old palace, a favourite abode of the Scottish kings, and where Queen Mary was born. Between Polmont Junction and Falkirk the railway intersects the remains of the old Roman wall of Antoninus, or, as it is popularly called, Graham's Dyke (from a tradition that a hero of that name first broke through it), and a very interesting portion of the wall is contained within the grounds of Callander House (the seat of the Earl of Callander). The next station is Falkirk, famous for its cattle trysts. That suburb of it which we now pass is called Graham's Town, after Sir John Graham, who fell at the battle of Falkirk fought here A.D. 1298. The Carron Iron Works, among the most extensive in Europe, are situated on the river Carron, two miles north-west of Falkirk, and are readily distinguished by the volumes of smoke continually ascending from the furnaces. As the train now proceeds north-westwards, we have beauti-

ful peeps of the Ochil Hills, situated in the distance to the north. In the churchyard of Larbert, Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, is buried.

Few places can be more interesting, in a historical point of view, than the little station of BANNOCKBURN, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the south of Stirling, and where the battle of Bannockburn was fought on the 24th of June 1314. The particulars of this battle are too well known to be given at length here. It may be necessary merely to notice that the English army consisted of 100,000 men under Edward II., and the Scottish army of 30,000, commanded by Robert the Bruce,* and that the former were signally defeated with the loss of 30,000 men and 700 barons and knights. The Scottish army extended in a north-easterly direction from the burn or brook of Bannock to the village of St. Ninians, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. The remaining fragment of this stone, protected from the depredations of visitors by a frame-work of iron, still remains on the top of a small eminence called Brock's Brae, to the south-west of St. Ninians. To the northward there was a morass called

* The various writs and multifarious orders connected with the summoning and organization of the army of England which fought at Bannockburn, are still preserved, and may be seen in their minutest details, and they prove that it far exceeded, not only in numbers but in equipment, any army which was ever led by any former monarch against Scotland.—TYTLER's *Scotland*, vol. i.

Halberd's Bog, which was the most vulnerable part of Bruce's position, and this he fortified against cavalry by digging a number of pits so close together as to resemble the cells in a honeycomb. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.* It was in the immediate neighbourhood of this spot that the heat of the contest took place. A considerable time ago one of the workmen employed in draining the moss discovered an old sword about three feet below the surface. Formerly there were two large stones, erected in the lower extremity of a lawn which fronts a villa near the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, marking the spot where a skirmish took place between Randolph, Earl of Moray, and a party of English commanded by Sir Robert Clifford. The stones have been removed, but the place is still popularly called Randals-field,

About a mile from the field of battle, in another direction, is a place called the Bloody Folds, where the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. There is also a place in this neighbourhood called Ingram's Crook, which is sup-

* On the evening before the battle a personal encounter took place between Bruce and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. The Scottish leaders remonstrated with the king upon his temerity; he only answered, "I have broken my good battle-axe." The English vanguard retreated, after witnessing this single combat.

posed to have derived its name from Sir Ingram Umfraville, one of the English commanders.

In the rear of the position occupied by the Scottish army is the Gillies' Hill, which derived its name from the gillies or servants and retainers of the camp, who, at the critical moment when the English line was wavering, showed themselves on the hill like a new army advancing to battle, and caused the English to flee in every direction. "It happened that one Baston, a Carmelite friar, and esteemed an excellent poet, had been commanded by Edward to accompany the army, that he might immortalize the expected triumph of his master. He was taken, and Bruce commanded him, as an appropriate ransom, to celebrate the victory of the Scots at Bannockburn—a task which he has accomplished in a composition which still remains an extraordinary relic of the Leonine or rhyming hexameters."—TYTLER'S *Scotland*, vol. i.

About a mile westward from the field of Bannockburn, was fought, in 1488, the battle of Sauchieburn, in which James III. was defeated and slain. The Barons of Scotland, being dissatisfied with the government of the king, rose in rebellion against him, and drew into their party the king's eldest son, then a youth of fifteen, afterwards James IV. The unfortunate monarch, with inferior numbers, attacked the army of the insurgents. The consequences proved most calamitous. The royal forces, after an obstinate struggle, gave way, and the king, flying from the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water-

pitcher near the village of Millton. He was carried into the mill in a state of insensibility by the miller and his wife, without being recognized. On recovering his senses he asked for a priest, to whom he might make confession. One of his pursuers coming up, exclaimed, "I am a priest," and, approaching the unfortunate monarch, who was lying in a corner of the mill, stabbed him several times to the heart. James IV. was seized with deep remorse for his conduct in this affair, which manifested itself in severe acts of penance, among others, in wearing a heavy iron belt, to the weight of which he added certain ounces every year as long as he lived.

The village of St. Ninians, or, as it is commonly called, St. Ringans, has an old steeple which stands separate from the church. The old church having been used as a powder magazine by the Highlanders in 1746, was accidentally blown up, but the steeple remained uninjured.

Arrived at Stirling from the south, the tourist changes carriages and proceeds along the pleasant branch line to Callander, which is reached in about one hour after leaving Stirling.

The further conveyance of tourists from this to the Trosachs is provided for by numerous well-appointed coaches, most of them constructed for summer traveling (without being covered over), so that there is hardly any occasion for uneasiness regarding a good seat, although there are still some better than others.

The drive from Callander to the Trosachs and Loch

Katrine, although only ten miles, occupies about an hour and a half, owing to the badness of the road. Time is allowed for a slight refreshment, both at the Callander and the Trosachs Hotels, but not after that until the tourist arrives at Inversnaid, nearly two hours after. The distance from the Trosachs Hotel (Ardche-anochrochan) to Loch Katrine is only half a mile, and many who are able to keep ahead of the coach prefer walking that part of the way, and spending any time there may be to spare at the loch side.

At Loch Katrine a very neat and comfortable little steamer will be found in readiness to start on its progress up the loch, and this part of the journey occupies another hour. On reaching the west end of Loch Katrine at Stronachlachar (or Coalbarns, as it is sometimes called), there is a small pier with an annoying charge of twopence each; but this is now the only feeble remnant of black mail levied on tourists, which probably would not be grudged were it not for the impediment its payment throws in the way of securing a good outside seat on the coaches that are here again required to convey passengers to Inversnaid on Loch Lomond. This last drive is about five miles long, and is got over in about three quarters of an hour.

At Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, the tourist goes on board the steamer, and, after a pleasant sail, he is landed at Balloch, where he again gets the railway to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Stirling.

Having, in these preliminary remarks, given a sketch of the *through route*, we shall now proceed to give a

more detailed description of the most interesting places and scenes to be met with, beginning with

STIRLING.

[*Hotels*: The Royal; The Golden Lion.]

36 miles from Edinburgh, and $29\frac{1}{4}$ from Glasgow by the Scottish Central Railway. Five hours' sail from Edinburgh by steamer from Granton up Firth of Forth. Population 12,834.

Stirling is delightfully situated on an eminence near the river Forth, and bears, in its external appearance, some resemblance to Edinburgh, on a small scale. The most interesting and conspicuous object is the castle, situated on the brow of a precipitous rock, and which figures in the history of Scotland from an early period. The first monarch whose name is connected with it is Alexander I., who died within its walls in the year 1124. About the time of the accession of the house of Stuart it became a royal residence, and was long the favourite abode of the Scottish monarchs. The palace where

Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained,

was built by James V., and occupies the south-east part of the fortress.

In the apartment called the Douglas Room, James II. assassinated William Earl of Douglas, a powerful noble, who set at defiance the authority both of the king and the law. The king invited Douglas to meet him in Stirling Castle under the protection of a safe-

conduct, and endeavoured to persuade him to abandon his confederacy with Crawford and Ross. The haughty and stubborn noble, however, obstinately refused to comply with the request, and James, losing all patience, in a moment of uncontrollable passion, drew his dagger and stabbed the Earl, exclaiming, "If thou wilt not break the bond, this shall." The attendant nobles, some of whom held Douglas at bitter feud, rushing into the closet where this tragic incident occurred, soon despatched the wounded Earl, and threw his body out of the window into the garden below. It was supposed to have been buried on the spot, and in October 1797, some masons who were making an excavation in the garden, about eight yards from the window, found a human skeleton, which was believed to have been the remains of the unhappy noble, whose ambition and turbulence here brought him to an untimely end. The Douglas Room was partially destroyed by fire in the year 1856, but it has been carefully restored, and is still an object of much interest.

The view from the battlements of Stirling is matchless, not only for the magnificent scenery which it commands, but on account of the interesting historical associations of the district. One of the best points of view is "the Lady's Look-out," a small opening in the parapet wall of the garden, at the back of the governor's house. On the west lies the vale of Menteith, bounded by the Highland mountains—Ben Lomond raising its graceful peak on the extreme left—Ben Venue, Ben A'an, and Benledi, following in succession, with the

cone of Benvoirlich, ending with the humbler summit of Uam-var. To the north and east are the Ochil Hills, and the windings of the Forth through the Carse of Stirling, with its fertile fields, luxuriant woods, and stately mansions. Drayton's description of the Ouse has been often supposed applicable to the Forth—

[The river] in measured gyres doth whirl herself about :
That, this way, here, and there, back, forward, in, and out ;
And, like a sportive nymph, oft doubling in her gait,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through those rich fields doth run.

The Campsie Hills close the horizon to the south, and in the foreground, on the east, are the town, from which the turnpike road draws the eye along to the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, the Abbey Craig, the village of Causewayhead, and the watering-place of the Bridge of Allan.

Underneath the exterior wall, on the west, a narrow road leads from the town, and descends the precipice behind the castle. This is called Ballangeich, a Gaelic word signifying “windy pass,” which is remarkable as having furnished the fictitious name adopted by James V. in the various disguises which he was in the habit of assuming, for the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently also from the less justifiable motive of gallantry.

To the north of the castle is the “heading hill,” an old place of execution, and where Murdoch Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stewart, were

beheaded in 1424, within sight of their castle of Doune and their extensive possessions. The execution of Walter Stewart is supposed, with great probability, to be the groundwork of the beautiful pathetic ballad of "Young Waters."

The view from the Castle Hill is remarkably fine, and resembles that from the higher points of the castle. On the south side of the esplanade is a small piece of ground, called "the Valley," where tournaments and other chivalrous sports used to be held. A rugged hillock to the left of this, denominated "the Ladies' Rock," is the spot whence the ladies of the court, whose "bright eyes"—in the words of Milton—

Rained influence, and judged the prize,

surveyed the knightly feats of their admirers.

From the valley a pleasant pathway leads entirely round the castle. Part of it is called Edmonstone's Road, and a seat and inscription commemorate the services of the benefactor by whom it was commenced. From this seat it is interesting to look down and see still fresh and distinct the turf embankments of the King's Garden. In the centre of this horticultural relic is an octagonal mound called the King's Knot, where it is said the monarch and his courtiers engaged in the favourite amusement of the Round Table. Surrounding it is an octagonal bank, and, making a still wider circle, an embanked parallelogram. Around the whole are the vestiges of a cutting, said to have been a canal, where the royal parties amused themselves in

barges. Beyond this garden, to the south, is the King's Park, or Royal Chase, where the Stirling races are now run. It was of this now deserted spot that we read in the *Lady of the Lake*—

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out,
Their chequered bands the joyous rout.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlett, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.

The GREYFRIARS' or FRANCISCAN CHURCH stands on the declivity of the castle rock. It was erected in 1494 by James IV.; and some additions were made to the eastern portion of it by Cardinal Beaton. It will be found on examination to be a fine specimen of the later pointed Gothic, and to the English ecclesiologist it will be curious, as a type of architecture peculiar to Scotland.

On either side of the steep ascending Main Street, the fronts of ancient houses still show the turrets, crow-stepped gables, or quaint decorations of the old street architecture of Scotland. It was the fashion of old for the neighbouring nobles and gentry to have their city mansions in such a town as Stirling, and such was the distinguished use of many of the buildings now devoted to humbler occupants.

ARGYLE'S LODGING (Broad Street), the most conspicuous of these mansions, stands on the east side of the Castle Wynd, and is now used as a military hospital in connection with the castle. With its pinnacled round towers and finely decorated windows, it is an excellent specimen of the French castellated architecture so much used in Scotland.

MAR'S WORK, the remains of the house built by the Earl of Mar, stands at the head of Broad Street. In the centre are the Royal Arms of Scotland, and on the projecting towers on each side, those of the Regent Mar and his Countess. Its architecture is richly decorated, partaking of the ecclesiastical character. Tradition indeed says that it was built of stones taken from the ruins of Cambuskenneth, and that for this sacrilege its founder was cut off before it was finished. He was engaged in more flagrant crimes, however, than the selfish use of the consecrated stones, for he was laying his plots, with Cecil and Morton, for the assassination of Queen Mary, when death suddenly overtook him at Stirling in the year 1572, probably when he was overlooking the progress of his building. Some curious inscriptions on the remains look like a defiance of the world by one who was uneasy under its observation, thus—

The moir I stand on oppin hitht,
My favltis moir fvbieft ar to fitht.

I pray al lvikaris on this biging,
Vith gentil e to gif thair ivging.

Stirling has long been celebrated for its schools, and

also for the number of its hospitals or residences for decayed persons. By an act of the Scottish Parliament in 1437, Stirling was appointed to be the place for keeping the Jug, or standard of dry measure, from which all others throughout the country were appointed to be taken, while the Firlot was given to Linlithgow, the Ell to Edinburgh, the Reel to Perth, and the Pound to Lanark. The Stirling Jug is still preserved with great care.

STIRLING TO CALLANDER,

BY RAILWAY.*

One of the first objects that strikes the eye on leaving Stirling by the railway is its old picturesque bridge across the Forth, and which, so far as the tourist is concerned, it is to be hoped will never be removed to make way for one of a more modern construction. There are no fewer than four bridges here, two railway bridges and two for roads.

Shortly after crossing this bridge, we shoot across an extensive, but beautifully fertile plain, from which

* During the summer months a stage-coach runs between Stirling and the Trosachs, leaving in the morning, and returning in the afternoon. Its route is as follows:—1 $\frac{3}{4}$. Craigforth on left. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. Cross bridge of Drip. 4. Ochertyre House on right. 5. Blair Drummond on left. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$. Cross bridge of Teith; Deanston Mills on left; Doune Castle on right. 8. Doune. 16. Callander. 26. Trosachs. The drive to Callander occupies 3 hours, and to Stirling 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; in all, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

one of the finest views is afforded of that noble range of mountains which cover the western districts of Perthshire and Dumbartonshire. On the right, more eastwards, is the Abbey Craig, on which the proposed monument to Wallace is to be erected. This crag is a beautiful object from whatever point it is viewed, and it is to be hoped that no monument will be allowed to be placed upon it that will in any way disfigure the natural attractions of the place. Immediately beneath this crag the battle of Stirling was fought (13th September 1297), between the English army of 51,000 men, under the Earl of Surrey and Hugh Cressingham, treasurer of Edward I., and the Scots, numbering about 10,000, commanded by Wallace. The Scots were victorious, and their success on this occasion laid the foundation of Scottish independence.

Close by the Abbey Craig is the village of Causeway-head, and adjoining it is the well-known and justly appreciated watering-place of

THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

[*Hotels*: Philp's Royal; The Queen's.]

By railway, 39 miles from Edinburgh; $32\frac{1}{2}$ from Glasgow; 3 from Stirling. To Doune, 5 miles; Rumbling Bridge, 17; Alloa, 7; Ardoch, 9; Callander, 13; Aberfoyle, 18.

This popular watering-place may almost be called a suburb of Stirling, as there is frequent and easy intercourse betwixt the two places, both by road and railway. On the east it commences with the villa of

Coney Hill, not far from Lord Abercromby's Lodge, and from this the whole southern slope of the hill westwards to that quarter called Sunnyslaw is studded with neat and elegantly-constructed villas, most of which are built and fitted up expressly as lodging-houses.

Its primary attraction is the Airthrey mineral water, of a saline nature, and which is collected in cisterns formed in an old copper mine. The well-house to which the water is raised, is on the brow of the hill at the back of the Royal Hotel.

The river Allan, which contributes much to the amenity of the neighbourhood, rises in Gleneagles, on the northern side of the Ochils, and where it has not been polluted by mills, contains both burn and sea trout. In the last part of its course it is rapid, its banks steep and mostly covered with wood. It falls into the Forth a little above Stirling. The seats at the Bridge of Allan and its immediate neighbourhood are, Westerton Park, Airthrey Castle (Lord Abercromby), Keir (William Stirling, Esq.), Kippenross (John Stirling, Esq.)

The Keir grounds are open to the public on Fridays from 2 to 6 P.M. The Kippenross grounds on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 10 to 5.

Three miles westward from the Bridge of Allan is Dunblane, picturesquely situated on the banks of the river Allan. The cathedral, of which we have a good view from the railway, is one of the few specimens of Gothic architecture which escaped to a great extent the

ill-advised fury of the first reformers. It is partly used as the parish church, and is in tolerably good condition. The nave is in the oldest Pointed style, the choir of a period rather later, when mullions were filled into the windows, and decoration was making progress. The tower is evidently the oldest part, having decided marks of Norman work. Some of the prebends' oaken stalls and other pieces of carved work have been preserved, and there is a recumbent stone effigy of one of the powerful lords of Strathallan in armour. One of the bishops of the see of Dunblane was Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and the author of *Prelectiones Theologicæ*, etc. etc., a man remarkable for his grave learning, piety, and charity, and who bequeathed his library to the Cathedral of Dunblane, where it is still preserved. He is buried in the cemetery. From the back of the inn a romantic walk, shaded by a row of aged beech-trees, skirts the banks of the river, and conducts the tourist towards the Bridge of Allan, through the grounds of Kippenross, where there is a plane tree remarkable for its age and size. Shortly before reaching Doune we cross the Ardoch, a stream which descends from the Braes of Doune, a range of wild mountains, the highest of which is the lofty Uam Var.*

* Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaigh-mor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callander in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speak-

Half-way between Stirling and Callander is the old-fashioned village of

DOUNE,

[*Inns*: Macintyre's Woodside; Gorrie's Rob Roy.]

with its ancient cross, bearing the arms of the Earls of Moray, its picturesque old bridge, and its noble castle, one of the finest baronial ruins in Scotland. The castle is a huge square building, the walls of which are 40 feet high and about 10 feet thick, and what remains of the tower is at least 80 feet high. It is situated upon a peninsula formed by the confluence of the water of Ardoch and the Teith—a spot which seems to have been designed by nature as a place of strength. This peninsula forms in itself an agreeable promenade, being a sort of common adorned with numerous aged trees of great size. The keys of the castle are kept at a lodge nearly opposite the great entrance door. A glimpse of the ruins may be had from the railway carriage.

Doune Castle has long been the property of the Earls of Moray, who derive from it their second title of Lord Doune. It was anciently the seat of the Earls of Menteith; but, about the beginning of the fifteenth

ing, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighbourhood.

century, it was forfeited to the Crown, and became the favourite residence of the two successive Dukes of Albany, who governed Scotland during the captivity of James I.; Queen Margaret, and the unfortunate Queen Mary, are also said to have resided in it frequently. "In 1745-46, a garrison, on the part of the



Chevalier, was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. It was commanded by Mr. Stewart of Balloch, as governor for Prince Charles; who was a man of property, near Callander. This castle became, at that time, the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author of *Douglas*, and by

some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents.”*

The fine bridge which crosses the Teith at Doune was the work of one who, though by craft a tailor, was truly noble in heart. An inscription, panelled in the left parapet, tells us that “in the year of God 1535, founded was this bridge by Robert Spital, tailor to the most noble Princess Margaret, the Queen of James IV.” Along with the narrative he boldly blazons a pair of scissors en saltier. The DEANSTON COTTON WORKS here have exercised a very beneficial influence on the character of the neighbourhood.

* “The poet had, in his own mind, a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bed-clothes into ropes, and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home himself, reached the ground in safety. But the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall, lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave young Englishman, a particular friend of Home’s. Determined to take the risk, even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope, slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless he dislocated his ankle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety. The Highlanders next morning sought for their prisoners with great activity. An old gentleman told the author he remembered seeing the commander Stewart,

‘Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,’
riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives.”—
Note, Waverley.

We now enter more particularly on the scenery of *the Lady of the Lake*, and accompany the chivalrous Fitz-James when,

———“With Lord Moray’s train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain.”

About a mile to the north-west, we leave on the right the Earl of Moray’s seat, Doune Lodge, formerly called Cambus-Wallace, when it was the property of the Edmonstones. Proceeding along the northern bank of the Teith, which runs with a clear and rapid current over a rocky bed, we pass on the left and on the opposite side of the river, Lanrick Castle (Jardine, Esq.), formerly the seat of Sir Evan Murray M’Gregor, chieftain of Clan-Gregor, and three miles farther Cambusmore, an ancient seat of the family of Buchanan. It was at Cambusmore that Sir Walter Scott, in his juvenile days, spent some months for several summers with his associate Mr. Buchanan, and from this he wandered beyond the Highland line into those scenes which he said became indelibly imprinted in his recollection, and which perhaps he little thought he was to be the means of impressing so strongly on the minds of so large a portion of the human race.*

* He has given a striking sketch of the most interesting objects on this route, in his description of Fitz-James’ flight, after the combat with Roderick Dhu:—

“They dash’d that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie’s hill they flew ;
Still at the gallop prick’d the knight,
His merry-men followed as they might.

The Kelty, a large mountain stream which falls into the Teith at this point, and further up makes the falls of Bracklinn, is now crossed, after which we pass the entrance to the Garth, a favourite residence of Lord John Russell, who resided in it for several successive summers, until it was purchased by the present proprietor (J. Skinner, Esq.) Benledi and the surrounding mountains now become more and more imposing as we approach the railway terminus, which is situated on the hill-side at the east end of the village, just where the road to the falls of Bracklinn commences.

Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide ;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstoun lies behind them cast ;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon ;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoof strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre ;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Keir ;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down."

Lady of the Lake, c. v., st. 18.



BENLEDI (FROM CALLANDER BRIDGE).

CALLANDER,

[*Hotels*: The Dreadnought; M'Gregor's.

Coaches once a day, during summer, to the Trosachs or Dunkeld, and omnibuses to the hotels]

now accessible from all parts of Scotland by railway, is a moderately-sized village, noted for the beauty and healthiness of its situation, and as a central point from

which various interesting excursions may be made.* It contains numerous comfortable houses, many of which are let for lodgings ; three churches (two Presbyterian and one Episcopal), and a branch of the Bank of Scotland. In consequence of the great facilities now afforded by the railway for the through traffic to the Trosachs and Loch Lomond, Callander is apt to be passed by, but any one who is not pressed for time may spend a day or two at it with pleasure and advantage.

If it be wished by way of whet to take a general view of the scenery of the neighbourhood, perhaps the most favourable situation that could be selected, is the picturesque bridge which spans the river Teith within a few paces of M'Gregor's Hotel. Westwards we have in the foreground the river Teith (which is here joined by the Leny), meandering with gentle current through the valley of Bochart. On the woody peninsula at the junction of the two rivers are the ruins of an old chapel of the Buchanans, bearing the date 1214, and surrounded by a churchyard, where many of the Clan Buchanan are interred. Close to the bridge, on the west side, is a conical hill, which seems to be artificial, and is called Tom-ma-chessaig, the hill of Saint Kessaig. According to tradition, it was used for butts when the people, upon Sabbath evenings, exercised themselves in

* The principal of these are :—

To the Falls of Bracklinn and the Roman Camp.

To the Pass of Leny, Loch Lubnaig, and Balquhidder.

To Lake Menteith and Aberfoyle.

archery,* under the sanction and encouragement of an ancient Scottish law. The old church of Callander stood here also, and the burying-ground still remains. The mount, from which there is a beautiful view, and the surrounding field, still continue to be used as a common. On the right hand is the Craig of Callander, a remarkably hard conglomerated rock of a reddish colour, beautifully covered with fir-wood, and by which the eye is conducted towards the lower skirts of the Pass of Leny, while on the left are the wooded slopes of Dullater and Carchonzie. But the grand feature in the landscape is the majestic Benledi (2381 feet high), which bounds the horizon on the north-west. Benledi, a contraction of *Ben-le-dia, the hill of God*, has the reputation of being an altar for ancient heathen worship, and in the statistical accounts it is said that down to a late period "the beltane mysteries," remnants of druidical rites, and connecting themselves with the symbol of the worship of Bel or Baal, were performed on the top of the mountain. On the farther shoulder, there is a small desolate loch called Loch-an-corp, or the lake of the dead bodies, a name derived from a sad accident that befel a large funeral party of the Clan Kessanach from Glenfinlas, who, having occasion to cross it in winter when it was covered with ice, on their way to the chapel of St. Bride, were all drowned by the breaking of the ice.

The south-west side of Benledi, like that of many

* About many old churches we see the remains of yew trees of which the bows were made.

other Scottish mountains, is comparatively tame ; the eastern side, which looks towards Callander, is rugged and picturesque ; but the north-eastern, which overhangs Loch Lubnaig, exhibits uncommon grandeur. The mountain seems at some distant period to have been broken over at the summit, and by some convulsion of nature to have tumbled down in enormous masses in that direction. It is easily ascended from the side of Loch Vennachar, striking off the road about the farm-house of Portnellan.

Two miles to the north-east of Callander are THE FALLS OF BRACKLINN (the speckled or white foaming pool), one of the most attractive objects in the vicinity. They consist of a series of short falls, shelving rapids, and dark linns, formed by the Keltie Burn. Above a chasm where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown a rustic footbridge, of about three feet in breadth. The road to the falls commences at the hill-side close to the railway station. and after ascending for about a mile, it is necessary to strike along a path on the right, by the side of a plantation.*

A very agreeable stroll of a few miles may be made to the grounds of Leny House, the proprietor, Mr. Buchanan Hamilton, liberally granting permission to visit a romantic glen with a waterfall to the back of the house.

* There is generally some little urchin waiting about, who for a few pence will be glad to act as guide, and for the first visit it will be as well to accept his services.

On returning from Bracklinn the tourist may conveniently visit the *Roman Camp*, situated within the grounds of a pleasant villa belonging to J. Stewart, Esq. This consists of a very systematic artificial earthen bank, extending from the river with a semicircular bend, and enclosing about four acres of ground. There seem also to be bastions at regular intervals, to enable the wall to be commanded from within. The nearest acknowledged Roman station was that of Victoria, situated about half-a-mile from the confluence of the river Ruchill with the Earn, and it is stated by Mr. Stuart, in his *Caledonia Romana*, "that it formed one of a regular chain of military posts which fronted the various gorges of the Grampian Hills, from Bochastle, near the Pass of Leny in Callander parish, to Inchtut-hill on the Tay, and even beyond it." But a creed is now current that these, and other mounds of a similar aspect close to streams, have not been formed by the hand of man, but are the terraced banks thrown up by the streams, or left on the retirement of the waters. This view is confirmed by the fact that on the wide haugh of Callander there are several detached mounds of this character, and it is well known that about a century and a half ago the northern branch of the river Leny changed its course during a great inundation, whereby the old church of Leny was separated from its parochial bounds, and the bridge leading to the chapel was swept away. Upon the neighbouring eminences, however, will be found remnants of mounds which may safely be assigned as vestiges of British

fortification ; at all events, no stream could have raised its terrace banks there.

One of the most delightful excursions that can be made from Callander, is to Loch Lubnaig, by the Pass of Leny, and it has the advantage of a good and not very hilly road. It is often extended as far as Balquhiddy, a place interesting from its associations with Rob Roy.



RUINS OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. BRIDE.

CALLANDER TO LOCH LUBNAIG, LOCH VOIL, BALQUHIDDER, AND ROB ROY'S COUNTRY.

Miles.		Miles.	
1	Kilmahog Toll, keep road to right.	7½	Strath-Ire.
2	Pass of Leny.	10	King's House.
3	St. Bride's Chapel on left.	12	Balquhidder.
3½	Loch Lubnaig, foot.	12¼	Loch Voil.
5	Ardhullary farm-house.	15½	} Loch Doine.
7	Head of Loch.	17	

Leaving by the west end of the village, we have a view on the right of Leny House (J. Buchanan Hamilton, Esq.), with its romantic glen and waterfall. At Kilmahog* toll, we keep the road to the right, along the banks of the Leny, a beautiful stream with a rocky bed, and richly adorned with wood, and here and there a few islands.

The Pass of Leny (Làn-ùih, *i. e.*, full of wood),† one

* In Gaelic, Kil-ma-chug, *i. e.*, the cell of St. Hog or Chùg. The festival of that saint is the 26th of November, which is still kept here as a cattle market.

† It was up the Pass of Leny that the cross of fire was carried by young Angus of Duncraggan.

“Benledi saw the Cross of Fire
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er hill and dale the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.”

Lady of the Lake.

of those ravines which at one time afforded the only communication between the Highlands and Lowlands, commences here, and is occasionally richly clothed with natural foliage. A short way up the Pass, a stile will be noticed in the wall on the left, from which a rude path conducts to the Falls, or more properly speaking, *Rapids* of the river Leny. A little onwards, on the same side, are the ruins of the chapel of St. Bride, and half a mile beyond, on a rising ground to the right, is the farm-house of Aney (à-n-eih), which signifies the ford of deer, where they passed from the forest of Glenfinlas to the forest of Glenartney. Shortly after this, we obtain our first view of the loch, where the river silently debouches from its southern extremity.

LOCH LUBNAIG (the crooked or winding lake) is a very fine sheet of water, about four miles in length, and one broad, and the mountains on both sides are steep and rugged, especially at that part which is bounded by the dark precipices of Benledi, which appear here to great advantage. One of the best points for a view of the loch, is the farm-house of Ardhullary, on the estate of Stirling of Keir (about half way up, and 5 miles from Callander), and which is itself interesting as the Highland retreat of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller. There is good fishing in the loch, and boats may be got at the farm-houses on the loch side.

Nearly opposite Ardhullary is a tremendous precipice called Craig-na-co-heilg, the rock of the joint-hunting, which was the boundary between two estates, and a

common name given in the Highlands to such places. Upon hunting days, the two chieftains met there with their hounds and followers, hunted about the rock in common, and afterwards separated, each turning away



to his own property. Loch Lubnaig owes a great part of its depth to its being choked at its southern extremity by stones and gravel which are carried down the face of Benledi by the burn of Stank, a most romantic torrent, difficult of access.

CONTINUATION OF ROUTE TO BALQUHIDDER.

Near the head of the loch is the village of Strath-Ire, a double row of peasants' houses, very different, indeed, from what it was when the fiery cross

———"glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire:"

and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles further is King's House Inn, not to be confounded with the ancient inn bearing the same name at Glencoe. At this spot the roads fork—that on the right leading to Lochearnhead, while that on the left passes up to the hamlet or kirkton of



BALQUHIDDER,

the burial-place of Rob Roy, and the scene of many of

his exploits. The burial-place is at the east end of the old church, now in ruins, and consists of three ancient sculptured stones, the real age of which has given rise to much inquiry among antiquarians. The stone with the sword upon it was long pointed to as marking the resting-place of Rob Roy ; but it is now understood to cover that of his wife, Helen. The corresponding stone on the other side, as indicated by the inscription, is the tomb of his eldest son, Colin ; and the centre one, elaborately carved, but without any inscription, is *Rob Roy's*.

The rudely incised figures upon this stone, which is about 6 feet long by 16 inches wide, may be conjectured to indicate the character and pursuits of the person it commemorates ; and who was regulated by the maxim, or "good old rule" of his time,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The cross near the breast of the grotesque human figure may be looked upon as the emblem of his faith ; the dogs, of his attachment to the chase ; and the sword, of his individual prowess. In Sir Walter Scott's interesting account of the great feud between the powerful families of Drummond and Murray, as given in the Introduction to the Legend of Montrose, it is related that, at the old church of Balquhiddel, in the year 1589, the M'Gregors gathered round the amputated head of Drummond-Ernoch, the king's deer-keeper, vowing to stand by the murderers, and a fragment of

the venerable altar on which the solemn ceremony was performed is still standing.* Though Balquhiddar is

* The truth of this tradition has been disputed, as it is said the church was not erected till 1631. This fierce and vindictive combination gave the late lamented Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., subject for a spirited poem, entitled "Clan-Alpin's Vow," which was printed, but not published, in 1811.

We give the conclusion of the poem :—"The Clan-Gregor has met in the ancient church of Balquhiddar. The head of Drummond-Ernoch is placed on the altar, covered for a time with the banner of the tribe. The chief of the tribe advances to the altar—

"And pausing, on the banner gazed;
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised,
'This was the boon of Scotland's king ;'
And with a quick and angry fling,
Tossing the pageant screen away,
The dead man's head before him lay.
Unmoved he scann'd the visage o'er,
The clotted locks were dark with gore,
The features with convulsion grim,
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim ;
But unappall'd, in angry mood,
With lowering brow, unmoved he stood.
Upon the head his bared right hand
He laid, the other grasp'd his brand ;
Then kneeling, cried, 'To heaven I swear
This deed of death I own and share ;
As truly, fully mine, as though
This my right hand had dealt the blow ;
Come then, our foemen, one, come all ;
If to revenge this caitiff's fall
One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,
Mine everlasting peace I pawn,
To claim from them, or claim from him,
In retribution, limb for limb.
In sudden fray, or open strife,
This steel shall render life for life.'

thus intimately connected with the M'Gregors, the burial-place of their great men was at Inch Cailliach, an island in Loch Lomond.

A handsome new church has been erected outside the old burial-ground, at the sole expense of Mr. Carnegie, the chief heritor of the parish.

Before returning from Balquhidder, the tourist should walk to the bridge across the water that flows from Loch Voil,* to take a view of this beautiful lake,

He ceased ; and at his beckoning nod,
The clansmen to the altar trod ;
And not a whisper breathed around,
And nought was heard of mortal sound,
Save from the clanking arms they bore,
That rattled on the marble floor ;
And each, as he approached in haste,
Upon the scalp his right hand placed ;
With livid lip and gather'd brow,
Each uttered in his turn, the vow.
Fierce Malcolm watched the passing scene,
And searched them through with glances keen ;
Then dash'd a tear-drop from his eye ;
Unbid it came—he knew not why.
Exulting high, he towering stood ;
' Kinsmen,' he cried, ' of Alpin's blood,
And worthy of Clan-Alpin's name,
Unstained by cowardice and shame,
E'en do, spare nocht, in time of ill
Shall be Clan-Alpin's legend still ! ' "

Introduction to Legend of Montrose.

* Loch Voil alone is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long ; but if we add Loch Doine, separated from it by a patch of haugh, the whole makes a walk of about 5 miles.

which is fringed in many places with trees. Few places in Scotland have such an air of solitude and remoteness from the haunts of men ; a feeling possibly suggested by the knowledge that the now deserted valley swarmed at one time with the predatory race of whom we possess such strange legends ; and the relics of whose existence may be seen in the grassy mounds which cover the ruins of old cottages, and in the decaying walls which show later abandonment.

LAKE MENTEITH, ABERFOYLE, AND LOCH ARD.

ITINERARY.

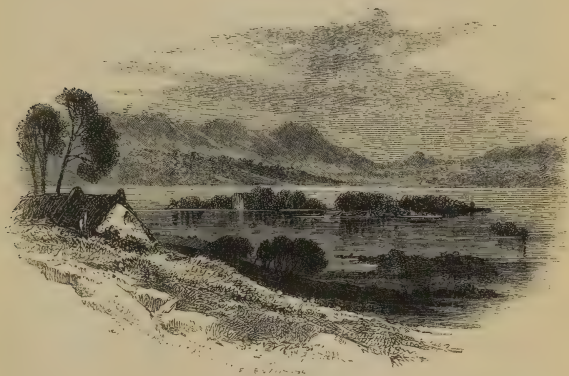
Miles.		Miles.	
	Cross Callander Bridge.	8	Head of Loch—two roads
1 $\frac{3}{4}$	Road to right.		meet; keep road to right.
3	Loch Ruskie on left.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	Two roads meet ; keep
4	Rednock Castle ruins on		road to right.
	right.	12	Aberfoyle — River Forth
5	Four roads meet, and gate to		on left.
	Rednock House (Graham	14	Loch Ard, foot — Ben
	Stirling of Duchray and		Lomond in front.
	Auchyle); take road to	17	Head of Loch.
	right.	19	Loch Chon.
6	Inn and Port of Menteith	22	Loch Arklet.
	on left.	23	Loch Katrine.
		29	Loch Lomond.

The district of Menteith, a few miles to the south of Callander and the Trosachs, contains the lakes of Menteith, Loch Ard, and Loch Chon.

The lake of Menteith is a circular sheet of water,

about five miles in circumference, and lies in a district adorned with ancient woods. It possesses an aspect of placid beauty rather than of grandeur, and the forms of the surrounding hills are neither bold nor striking, but present a gentle undulating line to the eye of the spectator.

At the port of Menteith, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Cardross station of the Stirling and Loch Lomond Railway, there is a good inn. Taking boat here the tourist may



visit the two small islands in the centre of the lake, called Inch-machome, or the Isle of Rest, and Talla, or the Earl's Isle. The former, which is the larger and more easterly island, consists of about five acres, and contains the ruins of a priory, where Queen Mary resided during the invasion of the English in 1547, before she was removed to France. This priory was

founded, about the year 1238, by Walter Comyn Lord of Badenoch, who became Earl of Menteith by marriage with the Countess.* After his death, Walter Stewart, brother of the High Steward of Scotland, inherited the property and title in right of his wife, the younger sister of the Countess of Menteith; and it was his second son who was Sir John of Ruskie or Stewart, but usually called Menteith, who was the betrayer of the patriot Wallace. A writ granted by Robert Bruce, at this place, in April 1310, is recorded in the Chartulary of Arbroath; and at the priory of Inchmurtho (Inch-machome), King David II. and Margaret Logy were married in April 1363.†

The architecture of the monastic buildings is the early English, with lancet windows. The archæologist will see with delight the extreme beauty of the western door, richly moulded and sculptured along its deep retiring jambs. In the choir, there are crypt, sedilia, a piscina, and other usual adjuncts of a mediæval church; and here, an ancient tombstone is supposed to mark the grave of the founder. But what will be viewed with most interest is a recumbent monument of two figures, male and female, cut out of one large stone. The knight is in armour, one leg crossed over the other, in the manner of the crusaders. A triangular shield with the check fessé proves the bearer to have been a Stewart, but the arms on the shield show

* For an interesting account of the Earls of Menteith, see Mr. Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," vol. iii.

† Wyntown, ii. p. 293; Ext. e Var. Chron.

that the figure is not that of the founder. The arm of the lady is twined affectionately round his neck, and while much of the monument has been defaced, this memorial of affection seems to have been respected. The monastery was erected for monks of the Augustine order. It was dependent on the great house of Cambuskenneth, passing with it, after the Reformation, as a temporal lordship, to the Earl of Mar. The island of Inch-machome is now the property of the Duke of Montrose.

The smaller island contains the remains of the castle of the Grahams, Earls of Menteith, a race long extinct. The possessors of this feudal fortalice had their garden on the isle of the Priory, and their pleasure-grounds on the neighbouring shore, which is still beautifully adorned with oak, Spanish chestnut, and plane trees of ancient growth. Some of the chestnuts are seventeen feet in circumference, at six feet above the ground, and must be above three centuries old. Rednock House (Graham Stirling, Esq., of Duchray and Auchyle) is beautifully situated at the east end of the lake; adjoining it is Cardross (Erskine, Esq.), and farther to the west Gartmore (John Graham, Esq.)

About four miles westwards from this is



ABERFOYLE,*

[*Hotel*: "The Bailie Nicol Jarvie."]

the scene of many of the incidents alluded to in the novel of Rob Roy, beautifully situated at the junction of the Duchray and Forth (here called Avondhu, or the Black

* 7 miles from the Bucklyvie Station of the Stirling and Loch Lomond Railway, 12 miles from Callander, 5 from the Trosachs, and 15 from Inversnaid. The road to the Trosachs is a hill-road passable for droskies, and is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. If the tourist should not be able to go all the way, he should endeavour to gain the highest point of the road, half way, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, from which there is one of the finest views of the Trosachs.



River).* Two miles westward is LOCH ARD,† a small

* “To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautifully detached hill, with all its garland of woods. . . . The miserable little *bourocks*, as the Bailie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the Clachan of Aberfoyle, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar, and thatched by turfs. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairservice observed, we might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found out we were near it, unless our horses’ feet had ‘gane through the riggin.’”—*Rob Roy*.

† “The road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and winding close by the margin of the loch, afforded us a full view of its spacious mirror, which reflected in still magnificence the high, dark, heathy mountains, huge grey rocks, and shaggy banks, by which it is encircled. The hills now sunk on its margin so closely, and were so broken and precipitous, as to afford no passage except just upon the narrow line of the track which we occupied, and which was overhung with rocks, from which we might have been destroyed merely by rolling down stones, without much possibility of offering resistance.”—*Rob Roy*.

lake $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ th in breadth, situated in the middle of a fertile valley. Its shores are broken up into rocky and wooded eminences not remarkable for height, but forming very agreeable landscape combinations. A delightful view of the loch is obtained from a rising ground near its lower extremity, and looking westward, Ben Lomond is seen in the background, and on the right the lofty Benoghrie.

The road skirts the northern margin of the loch, and conducts the tourist with ease and comfort through the Pass of Aberfoyle, the scene of the famous encounter with Helen MacGregor. A gnarled trunk of an overhanging oak is shown as the veritable tree from which Bailie Nicol Jarvie was suspended by the skirts.

Near the head of the lake is a rocky islet on which are the ruins of a stronghold of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and on the right of the road* is the House of Ledoard, noted for its romantic waterfall.†

* A footpath strikes off, from near this, towards Ben Lomond, by which the tourist may cross the hill and reach Rowardennan, on Loch Lomond.

† "It was not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin filled to the brim with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, was so exquisitely clear, that although it was of great depth, the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom. Eddying round this reservoir, the brook found its way over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a second fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; then wheeling out beneath from among the smooth dark rocks, which it had polished for ages, it wandered murmuring down the glen, forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended."
— *Waverley*.

The road is continued along the margin of LOCH CHON, a sheet of water three miles in length, hemmed in by sloping hills feathered with natural coppice wood. Its seclusive and picturesque features have been much impaired by the operations of the Glasgow water-works. The water is brought from Loch Katrine, a distance of 36 miles, partly by means of canals and tunnels, and partly by pipes. By pursuing the new road, which has been considerably broadened to facilitate the traffic, the tourist will reach Stronachlachar Hotel, at the head of Loch Katrine.



CALLANDER TO THE TROSACHS AND LOCH KATRINE.

ITINERARY.

Miles.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Leny House on right.
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Kilmahog Toll — Road on right to Pass of Leny and Loch Lubnaig; road on left to the Trosachs.
Bochastle farm on the left, on peninsula formed by the Teith and Lubnaig.
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Coilantogle Ford — Bridge on left leads to Dullater farm and south side of Venachar — Right, Samson's Putting Stone and Dunmore.
- 5 Loch Venachar on left — Benledi on right.
- $5\frac{1}{2}$ Lanrick Mead, left.

Miles.

- 6 Duncraggan and Trosachs New Hotel.
- $6\frac{1}{4}$ Brigg of Turk.
- 7 Loch Achray.
- $8\frac{1}{2}$ Trosachs Hotel.
- 9 The Trosachs.
- 10 Loch Katrine.
- 17 Stronachlachar Hotel and Landing-place. 2 miles further up is Glengyle.
- $17\frac{1}{2}$ Road on left to Glasgow Water-Works and Aberfoyle (10 miles).
- 18 Loch Arklet, left.
- 21 Inversnaid Fort, right.
- 22 Inversnaid Inn and Loch Lomond.

Starting again from Callander we take the road westwards, passing the small Episcopal Chapel. Before crossing the Leny Burn may be observed, on the right, the turrets of Leny House (J. Buchanan Hamilton, Esq.), beautifully situated, and with a romantic glen at the back of the house. On the left of the road are Kilmahog saw-mills, driven by a mill lade from the river Leny. At Kilmahog Toll we leave the road that stretches northwards up the Pass of Leny, and strike straight westwards, crossing the Leny river by Kilmahog Bridge. Here a gate on the left conducts to Bochastle farm-house, and from the huts on the right

a beautiful wild footpath strikes up the west and unfrequented side of the Pass of Leny to the farmhouse of Stank, on the west side of Loch Lubnaig. On reaching the top of the road, after crossing Kilmahog Bridge, there is a beautiful view eastwards of Callander and Leny House. The road now winds along two spurs of Benledi, one of which is rendered conspicuous by a stone on the very top lying in the remarkable position of being ready to roll down by the slightest touch. This stone is known by the name of Samson's putting stone, and is said to have been thrown from the neighbouring height—a story which, however absurd, has fortunately kept alive the knowledge of there being, on the top of Dunmore, the interesting remains of an old British fort. This fortification is surrounded by three tiers of ditches and mounds, the latter strengthened and secured by stones, and in case of blockade, it is provided with a reservoir for water. The situation has evidently been chosen with much skill, and commands an extensive prospect. *Bochastle*, a name which the farm lying immediately underneath on the left and the plain still retain, signifies the *town of the castle*, probably in allusion to this dun ; *caistal* or *caster* signifying a place of strength, and being synonymous with the *castra* of the Romans. Sir Walter Scott alludes to this in his description of the river Teith, as it

“ Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines,
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the mistress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.”

In the hollow to the south, marked by the ruins of an old mill, flows the Teith, fresh from the basin of Loch Venachar, and here extensive works have been constructed by the Glasgow Water Company to raise the lake five feet eight inches, as a reserve in the event of drought for the Deanston and other mills, and to compensate for what may be abstracted from Loch Katrine. The water thus accumulated is let out by means of sluices ; apart, therefore, from its attraction in a picturesque point of view, Loch Venachar now serves the important useful purpose of a huge reservoir for the mills on the Teith. Just at this point of the river was Coilantogle Ford, the spot to which Roderick Dhu pledged his faith to convey the stranger skaithless to the frontiers of his dominions.

“ As far as Coilantogle’s ford,
———Clan-Alpin’s outmost guard.”

It was on reaching this point that he challenged Fitz-James to single combat.

“ See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm’d, like thyself, with single brand :
For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

Loch Venachar, a beautiful expanse of water about five miles long and a mile and a half broad, now opens full upon the view. The surface of the loch is broken by one lonely island, called Inch Vroin, and the scene, but for the surrounding heights, is soft and verdant, like some of the English lakes. At the head of the



loch is Inver-trosachs, a shooting lodge belonging to Stewart M'Naughten, Esq. The loch contains salmon, trout, and pike. In the hollow on the left is Lanrick Mead, a flat meadow, which was the gathering ground of the Clan-Alpine, and well suited for the purpose. From an eminence about a mile from Loch Venachar (where the road descends towards the Brigg of Turk), there is one of the finest views in the route. The prospect is varied and extensive, but the eye is especially attracted by the beautiful appearance of Benvenue rising in the back-ground.

Half a mile further, we reach the first stage of the exhausted bearer of the fiery cross,—*

* The fiery cross was no mere creation of the poet's fancy. The symbol was sometimes called the fiery cross—sometimes the

“Duncraggan’s huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green ;”

and here a handsome new hotel, called the TROSACHS



NEW HOTEL, has been erected, and from which a road strikes off on the right to Glenfinlas* (*the fair green*

crossterie or crossteric, and was considered the strongest form of invocation. It was made, as Scott has described, by tying two pieces of wood into a cross, burning the ends, and extinguishing them in the blood of an animal. This is said to be symbolic of the fire and sword with which those who failed to obey the summons were to be visited ; but it is not unlikely that the ceremony was a remnant of some ancient heathen sacrificial superstition.

* If the tourist do not make a special pilgrimage to the glen, he will look towards its dark opening with interest as the scene

glen), a deer-forest belonging to the Earl of Moray, and remarkable for its great extent of green pasture.

Close upon this is the bridge with the peculiar name, now so renowned from the simple couplet—



“ And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.”

What the origin of this name is it is difficult to ascertain with certainty, but it is said to have been

of Sir Walter Scott's wild ballad of “Glenfinlas.” One mile up is the cataract—

“ Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.”

derived from the circumstance of a wild boar that long infested the neighbourhood having been slain here.

On reaching Loch Achray the road makes a sudden bend, disclosing the spur of the mountain which forms



the entrance to the Trosachs, with Benvenue rising above. Loch Achray looks remarkably well from this point, which was chosen by Mr. Turner for one of his views of the Trosachs, engraved in the author's edition of the *Lady of the Lake*. We continue

———“Up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake.”

A little to the left is a neat Presbyterian chapel, recently erected for the convenience of the farmers and cottars of the neighbourhood, and of tourists residing at the hotel, and not far from it, on the right hand side of the road, is the clergyman's manse. Emerging at length from a dense thicket of birch and mountain ash, we find ourselves in front of

THE TROSACHS HOTEL (AIRDCHEANOCHROCHAN*),

a handsome castellated building, with excellent accommodation, and exceedingly comfortable. The view from the hotel is remarkably fine, and it would be difficult to select a finer position for a residence in this quarter. In front is Loch Achray, distinguished by its quiet beauty, and to the back towers Ben A'an, with its magnificent peak of bare rock, which is accessible only from this side. A great many delightful walks and short excursions may be made from the hotel (such as to Aberfoyle, Glenfinlas, etc.), and boats may be got for sailing both on Loch Achray and Loch Katrine,

* The meaning of this unpronounceable name is, “The dwelling or lodgings at the end of the knoll or eminence.” The distance from the hotel to Loch Katrine is one mile. There are boats belonging to the hotels on Loch Achray, and good fishing is to be had on the river Teith, which issues from Loch Katrine, as well as on the lochs themselves. The path to Aberfoyle is 5 miles in length from this; and from the hill top, half way, there is one of the finest views in the Highlands.

on both of which lochs there is good fishing. Loch Achray contains both salmon and trout.



On leaving the hotel we enter the TROSACHS (bristled territory), a singularly picturesque and romantic defile, where nature is displayed in all her more

rugged and irregular aspects. The whole forming a scene of

“Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confus’dly hurl’d,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

Combined with which, there is a rich and varied diffusion of vegetation —

“Grey birch and aspen weep beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock.

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

Near the entrance of the gorge Fitz-James lost his “gallant grey.” The place is named Beal an Duine, and so imbued has the whole scenery become with the incidents related by the poet, that we are almost tempted to look for the blanched bones of the generous steed; nor will the guide fail to show the exact spot where he fell, with true Highland precision.

Above the wooded precipices of the Trosachs on the north, Ben A’an towers upwards for 1800 feet, and its pyramidical summit is so steep as to preclude all access except from the north. On emerging from this wildering scene of mountains, rocks, and woods, Loch Katrine at length bursts upon the view,

“With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Float amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.”

A neat rustic pier has been made in that beautifully



sheltered bay where the fair Ellen obtained her first interview with the Knight of Snowdown.*

* There is now an excellent road along the northern margin of the loch to Glengyle, an old possession of the MacGregor family, with a curious history in reference to the practice of levying black mail. If the tourist have time, he will obtain a beautiful (if not the best) view of the loch, from a wooded eminence a little to the left of this road, about a mile along. There is no path on the other side. The raising and improving of the road, at the Trosachs end of the loch, has been caused by the Glasgow Water Works.



Taking the steamer* here, we sail close by the lovely island,—

“Where for retreat in dangerous hour
Some chief had framed a rustic bower;”

and as the lake opens up beyond this, we obtain our

* The steamer sails at such times as enables passengers to meet the steamer at Loch Lomond. Fare 2s., return ticket 3s. From June to the end of September it generally makes three trips a day (Sunday excepted) from each end of the loch; but as the hours of sailing and the number of trips are subject to changes, we think it better to leave the tourist to obtain local information on the subject. Small boats may be hired to go up or down the loch,—the charge is 10s., besides 2s. 6d. for the man that rows. To the Goblin's Cave and Helen's Isle is 5s., and 2s. 6d. to the man.

An abortive attempt was made in 1843 to establish a steamer in Loch Katrine. The enterprise naturally met with the strenuous opposition of the boatmen who row the boats on the lake—the proud spirit of Clan Alpine had not departed—and the steamer

first good view of the splendid mountain of Benvenue (2388), rising high on the south,—

“ A wildering forest feathered o’er
His ruin’d sides and summit hoar.”

Few mountains can boast of an outline so nobly graduated, or combining such rich and singular beauty with alpine dignity. The corries and crags, softened by distance, are blended with the luxuriant herbage ; and the deep vertical gash of Coir-nan-Uriskin, seems but a gentle opening in the sloping ridge.

This remarkable specimen of the Highland corry resolves itself, on nearer approach, into the Dread Goblin’s Cave, another of the scenes in “the Lady of the Lake.” Climbing up through the mighty debris, a sort of rock-surrounded platform is reached, from which there is a beautiful view. On the other side of the hill from this, is Beal-ach-nam-Bo (the “pass of the cattle”), a magnificent glade overhung with birch trees, by which the cattle taken in forays were conveyed within the protection of the Trosachs, at the time when that place of refuge could only be passed by a ladder.

Those conversant with the writings of Sir Walter Scott, will remember the spirited song, sung by the

had plied only a few days when, during the night of the 18th July, it disappeared and has never since been heard of. Although there can be no doubt that this daring outrage must have been the work of several accomplices, the perpetrators were never discovered.

retainers of Roderick Dhu while rowing down Loch Katrine.

“ Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine !
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
' Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

“ Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
' Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

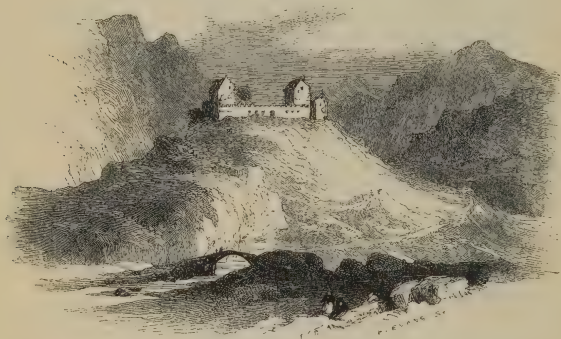
“ Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid,
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
' Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

“ Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine !
O ! that the rose bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !

O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and blest in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

Near the west end of the Loch is the commencement of the Glasgow Water-Works,* and a little further are Coalbarns pier (charge of 2d. each) and STRONACHLACHAR HOTEL.

From this a wild valley, traversed now by a good roadway about five miles long, affords a communication



with Inversnaid on Loch Lomond. The small lake Arklet lies in the hollow, and in one of the smoky

* This greatest of British aqueducts extends, in a tolerably straight line, for 34 miles, and it was constructed for the purpose of conveying to Glasgow and its suburbs (with a population of about 500,000) an ample supply (about 50,000,000 gallons per day) of the purest water. Part of the country through which

huts in the neighbourhood there used to be seen a long Spanish musket, six feet and a half in length, once the property of Rob Roy, whose original residence was in this rugged part of the country. Near at hand is the hut where it is said Helen MacGregor, Rob Roy's wife, first saw the light. A little to the north are the ruins

the aqueduct is carried is of the most rugged description. The engineering difficulties commenced at the fountain-head, where a barren, rocky piece of high land, the summit of which is 600 feet above the level of the works, required the construction of a tunnel 2325 yards long and 8 feet in diameter. Beyond this, the works were carried for miles along the obdurate ridges of mica slate, mixed with quartz veins, that form the banks of the solitary Loch Chon; and further, as they bent southwards from Loch Ard, they encountered 10 miles of ridges of the hardest rock, forming the spurs of Ben Lomond, which rears its giant bulk 3000 feet above the level of the works. It was necessary that these rocky regions should be pierced by tunnels, of which there are 70 in number, measuring in the aggregate 13 miles in length. The remaining 21 miles of works consist of canals arched over, and covered with soil, and pipes of from 3 to 4 feet diameter, through which the water flows with an easy fall from the fountain of Loch Katrine, 360 feet above the level of the sea—an elevation which secures a pressure of 70 or 80 feet above the highest summit of land within Glasgow. Besides the aqueduct itself, most extensive works, consisting of embankments, sluices, and salmon-ladders, were necessary in connection with the storage of water in Lochs Vennachar and Drunkie for compensation to the river Teith. The cost of the new works is estimated at about £600,000, and of the whole undertaking, including the purchase of the works of former Water Companies, at nearly £1,500,000. The engineer of this great and successful undertaking was Mr. John Frederic Bateman; and the completion of the works was inaugurated by the ceremony of "tapping the loch," which was performed by the Queen in person on the 14th October 1859.

of Inversnaid Fort, erected by Government in 1713, to check the MacGregors, and where General Wolfe once resided. While the tourist is in the midst of the country of the MacGregors, he may be gratified by the perusal of Sir Walter Scott's splendid lyric, "the Gathering of Clan-Gregor :"

" The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich !

Our signal for fight that from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo !
Then haloo, Gregalich ! haloo, Gregalich !

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich !

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword !
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalich !

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles !
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalich !

While there's leaves on the forest, or foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !
Come then, Gregalich ! come then, Gregalich !

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt !
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich ! "

In descending to the margin of Loch Lomond, the

stranger cannot fail to be struck with the sublimity of the mountains which overhang the opposite shore, and round the mouth of the narrow glen of Inveruglas.

At INVERRNAID there is a little rivulet and a cataract, the scene of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "the Highland Girl." Tourists await the arrival of the steamer on Loch Lomond at the excellent hotel that will be found here.



LOCH LOMOND,*

“the lake full of islands,” is unquestionably the pride of Scottish lakes. Boasting innumerable beautiful islands of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains, while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, this lake affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature.†

After taking on board the tourists from Loch Katrine, the steamboat visits the upper reach, which is narrow and hemmed in by the neighbouring mountains. To the north are Inverarnan Hotel, and the wide elevated valley called Glenfalloch. From this tourists may, during the summer months, proceed

* *Hotels* at Inverarnan, Ardlui, Inversnaid, Tarbet, Rowardennan, Luss, and Balloch. The steamer plies frequently on the lake each day; for hours of sailing see Time Tables.

† The length of Loch Lomond is about twenty-three miles, its breadth, where greatest, at the southern extremity, is five miles, from which it gradually grows narrower, till it terminates in a prolonged stripe of water. The depth varies considerably; south of Luss it is rarely more than 20 fathoms, in the northern part it ranges from 60 to 100, and, in the places where deepest, never freezes. The total superficies of the lake is about 20,000 acres. About two-thirds of the loch, and most of the islands, are in the county of Dumbarton; the rest with the right bank, are in the county of Stirling. Its commencement is 20 miles from Glasgow, and 6 from Dumbarton.

northwards by coach to Oban or Fort-William. Three miles from the upper end is a small wooded island called Eilan Vhou, and two miles further south, another called Inveruglas, on each of which are the ruins of a stronghold of the family of Macfarlane. The slogan of this clan was "Loch Sloy," a small lake between Loch Long and Loch Lomond.

At the distance of other three miles, on the western shore, is *Tarbet Hotel*,* the landing place for those who intend to proceed to Arroquhar and Loch Long ; or to catch the coach to Inverary *via* Glencroe and Rest-and-be-Thankful.

At Tarbet there is perhaps the most complete and expressive view of Ben Lomond, the expanse of waters between preventing any object from breaking the full effect of the scene.

Nearly opposite Tarbet is a rock called Rob Roy's Prison, from which it is said Rob Roy let down captives by a rope, while he stood at ease above, availing himself meanwhile of their uncomfortable situation, to make the most advantageous terms for himself.

Rob Roy's Cave, on the face of the rock, is an opening scarcely visible, and only noticeable from the steamer by two circles painted upon one of the rocks. The crags rise here in dark precipitous masses to a vast

* From this the distances to the following places by rowing boats are calculated as follows :—

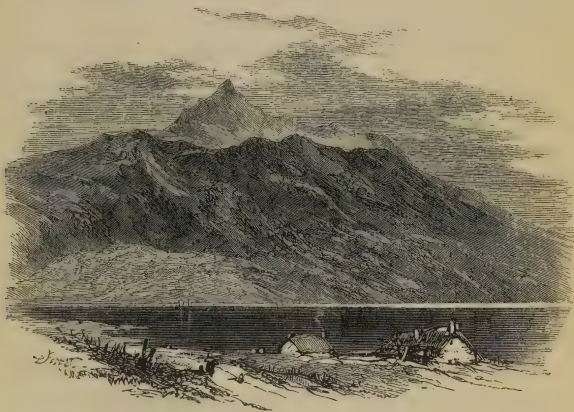
To Inversnaid . . .	5 miles.	To Luss . . .	9 miles.
Rob Roy's Cave . .	6 do.	Inchtavanich . .	10 do.
Ardlui . . .	8 do.	Balloch . . .	16 do.
Rowardennan . .	6 do.		



height, and the waters around seem unfathomably deep. The uses of a large stone to be seen on the left remind one of the remote loneliness of the country around, though the steamboat daily ploughs the lake with its crowd of tourists. The stone serves as a pulpit and vestry of a church, for it has a cell cut into its face, with a door, and here at intervals a preacher addresses the congregation gathering around in the open air.

Farther south, a projecting headland is seen on the

right, where is the ferry of Inveruglas to *Rowardennan Hotel*,* the usual starting place for the ascent of Ben Lomond.



BEN LOMOND.

This mountain rises 3192 feet above the level of the sea. The distance from the hotel to the top is four miles, and there is a path by which ponies can ascend to the very summit.

* The path from Inversnaid is shorter, but the ascent not so gradual. Tourists starting from Tarbet with the intention of climbing the hill, cross the lake, and generally strike up the Inversnaid path. This approach is recommended by the full view thus obtained of the contour of the mountain, showing distinctly how far it is clear of mist. From Rowardennan there is a mountain path to Aberfoyle.

As a general rule, no one should attempt the ascent except in clear weather; and if no guide be taken, it will be advisable to take the bearings of the top before ascending, so as to find the way back by the compass, should mist unexpectedly come on.

It is difficult to describe the scene from the top. Grand and lovely to a high degree, we see on one side the Grampian mountains indefinitely swelling westward, mound after mound—on the west the Argyllshire hills, and on the south and east the great Scottish Lowland district, with its minor mountain ranges. The most fascinating object, however, is Loch Lomond, clear below, in all its reaches and indentations, its bright waters studded with islands. On a clear day the extent of the view comprehends the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Ayr, the Firth of Clyde, and the islands of Arran and Bute to the south, and the counties of Stirling and the Lothians, with the windings of the Forth, and the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh, to the east. The mountain is the property of the Duke of Montrose.

Nearly opposite Rowardennan is Inveruglas, and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the south of it is the village of Luss, delightfully situated on a promontory. One of the finest points for a view of the scenery of Loch Lomond and the environs of Luss is Stronbrae, to the north of the village. Near Luss is Rossdow, the splendid residence of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., and in the vicinity of the mansion is a tower of the ancient castle of the family of Luss, the last heiress of which married

Colquhoun of Colquhoun. A short way farther on are the ruins of the castle of Banachar, overhanging the entrance to Glen Fruin.* This castle was anciently the residence of the Colquhouns, and here, in 1640, the chief of that clan was basely murdered by one of the Macfarlanes. Near it is the lofty hill of Dunfion, or the hill of Fingal, according to tradition one of the hunting-seats of that hero. From Luss southward, the breadth of the lake expands rapidly, and the surface of the water is studded with

“ All the fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.”

They amount to about thirty in number, and ten of the most considerable in extent we pass in succession : Inch-Cruin, or the round Island (formerly a retreat for lunatics), Inch Moan, or the Peat Island, Inch Fadan

* It was in Glen Fruin, or the Glen of Sorrow, that the celebrated battle took place between the MacGregors and Colquhouns, fraught with such fatal consequences to both parties. There had been a long and deadly feud between the MacGregors and the Laird of Luss, head of the family of Colquhoun. At length the parties met in the vale of Glen Fruin. The battle was obstinately contested, but in the end the MacGregors came off victorious, slaying two hundred of the Colquhouns, and making many prisoners. It is said, that after the battle the MacGregors murdered about eighty youths, who had been led by curiosity to view the fight. A partial representation of these transactions having been made to James VI., letters of fire and sword were issued against the Clan-Gregor. Their lands were confiscated, their very name proscribed, and being driven to such extremity, they became notorious for their acts of daring reprisal.

(the long island), Inch Tavanagh, to the south of which the ruins of Galbraith Castle start up from the water, Inch Lonaig (used as a deer-park by the family of Luss), Inch Carachan, Buck Inch, Inch Cardach, and Inch Cailliach, the Island of Women, so called from its having been the site of a nunnery. Inch Cailliach formerly gave name to the parish of Buchanan. The church belonging to the nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarcely any vestiges of it now remain. The burial ground, which contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans, still continues to be used, and of these the monuments of the Lairds of Mac-Gregor, and of other families claiming descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are the most remarkable.

“ The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o’er Clan-Alpine’s grave,
And answering Lomond’s breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain’s endless sleep.”

Lady of the Lake, c. iii., and notes.

The steamboat next approaches the little island of Clar-Inch, from which the Buchanans took their slogan or war-cry. The last island is a long narrow one, named Inch Murrin, the largest island in Loch Lomond. It is finely clothed with wood, and is employed as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose. At its southern extremity there is an old ruined fortalice, called Lennox Castle, formerly a residence of the Earls of Lennox. Here Isabel, Duchess of Albany, resided

after the death of her husband, her two sons, and her father, who were all executed at Stirling, after the restoration of James I., in 1424. On the east side of the lake are the ruins of Buturich Castle ; farther south is Balloch Castle (A. J. D. Brown, Esq.), and near it, on the margin of the lake, stood the ancient castle of Lennox ; its site and moat are still visible. The steamboat now returns to Balloch, where the train is waiting to convey passengers to Glasgow or Stirling. On the way to Glasgow we pass the old castle of Dumbarton, which forms a prominent and interesting object in the landscape.

Mrs. Sigourney, the accomplished American authoress, who visited Loch Lomond in the year 1840, has left an interesting memento of her visit in the following lines :—

While down the lake's translucent tide
With gently curving course we glide,
Its silver ripples, faint and few,
Alternate blend with belts of blue,
As fleecy clouds, on pinions white,
Careering fleck the welkin bright.

But lo ! Ben Lomond's awful crown
Through shrouding mists looks dimly down ;
For though perchance his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below.

Close woven shades, with varying grace,
And crag and cavern mark his base,

And trees, whose naked roots protrude
From bed of rock and lichens rude ;
And where, mid dizzier cliffs, are seen
Entangled thickets sparsely green,
Methinks I trace, in outline drear,
Old Fingal with his shadowy spear,
His gray locks streaming to the gale,
And followed by his squadrons pale.

Yes, slender aid from Fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
Mid glen and thicket dark, to scan
The wild MacGregor's savage clan,
Emerging, at their chieftain's call,
To foray or to festival ;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.

But as the spectral vapours rolled
Away in vestments dropped with gold,
The healthier face of summer sky,
With the shrill bagpipe's melody,
Recals, o'er distant ocean's foam,
The fondly treasured scenes of home ;
And thoughts, on angel-pinions driven,
Drop in the heart the seeds of heaven,
Those winged seeds, whose fruit sublime
Decays not with decaying time.

* * * *

Like Highland maiden, sweetly fair,
The snood and rosebud in her hair,
Yon emerald isles, how calm they sleep
On the pure bosom of the deep ;
How bright they throw, with waking eye,
Their lone charms on the passer by ;
The willow, with its drooping stem,
The thistle's hyacinthine gem,

The feathery fern, the graceful deer,
 Quick starting as the strand we near,
 While, with closed wing and scream subdued,
 The osprays nurse their kingly brood.

High words of praise, the pulse that stir,
 Burst from each joyous voyager ;
 And Scotia's streams and mountains hoar,
 The wildness of her sterile shore,
 Her broken caverns, that prolong
 The echoes of her minstrel song,
 Methinks might catch the enthusiast-tone,
 That breathes amid these waters lone.
 Even I, from far Columbia's shore,
 Whose lakes a mightier tribute pour,
 And bind with everlasting chain
 The unshorn forest to the main :
 Superior's surge, like ocean proud,
 That leaps to lave the vexing cloud,
 Huron that rolls, with gathering frown,
 A world of waters darkly down,
 And Erie, shuddering on his throne
 At strong Niagara's earthquake tone,
 And bold Ontario, charged to keep
 The barrier 'tween them and the deep.

Who oft in sounds of wrath and fear,
 And dark with cloud-wreathed diadem,

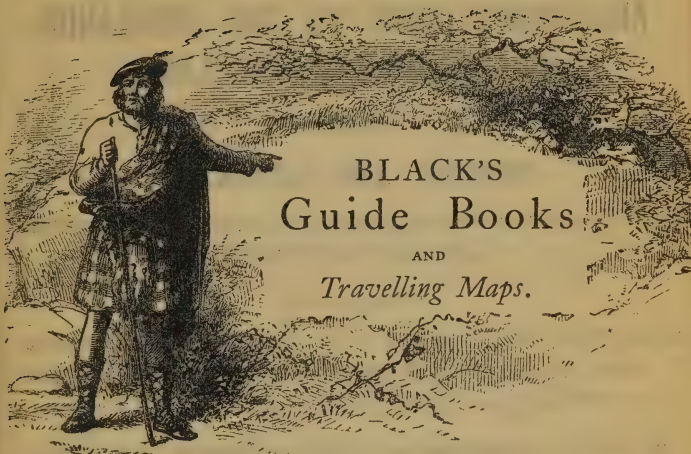
Interpreteth to Ocean's ear
 Their language, and his will to them ;
 I—reared amid that western vale,
 Where Nature works on broader scale—
 Still with admiring thought and free,
 Loch Lomond, love to gaze on thee,
 Reluctant from thy beauties part,
 And bless thee with a stranger's heart.

INDEX.



- Airdcheanochrochan, 51.
 Abbey Craig, 15.
 Aberfoyle, 40.
 Allan river, 16.
 Aney farm, 30.
 Ardhullary, 30.
 Balloch, 69.
 Balquhiddier, 32.
 Bannockburn, 3.
 Bochastle, 45.
 Bracklinn Falls, 26.
 Bridge of Allan, 15.
 Ben A'an, 53.
 Bridge of Turk, 48, 49.
 Benledi, 25.
 Ben Lomond, 65.
 Ben Oghrie, 42.
 Ben Venue, 56.
 Callander, 23.
 Callander House (Falkirk), 2.
 Cambusmore, 21.
 Cardross, 37.
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 Coalbarns, 58.
 Coilantogle Ford, 46.
 Coir-nan-Uriskin, 56.
 Doune, 18.
 Dunblane, 16.
 Dunmore Fort, 45.
 Duncraggan, 48.
 Falkirk, 2.
 Garth, 22.
 Gartmore, 39.
 Glasgow Water Works, 58.
 Glenfruin, 17.
 Glenfinlas, 49.
 Goblin's Cave, 56.
 Inversnaid, 61.
 Inversnaid Fort, 58.
 Invertrosachs House, 47.
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 Loch Chon, 43.
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 Loch Lomond, 62.
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 Loch Menteith, 36.
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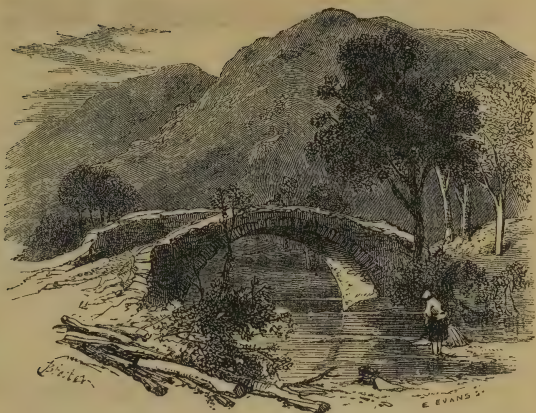
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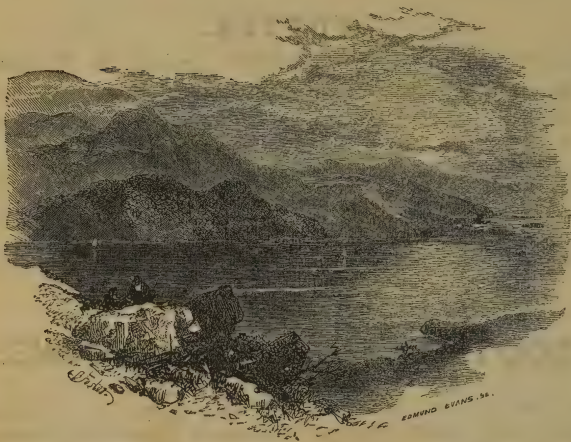
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OBAN, 1860.

THE TROSACHS HOTEL.

MRS. M'GREGOR, while taking this opportunity of returning thanks to Strangers and Tourists in Scotland visiting the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, for the liberal support given to the above Hotel during the nine years' proprietorship of her deceased Husband, respectfully intimates her intention of maintaining the Establishment as formerly, and solicits a continuance of Patronage.

The accommodation consists of Ten Private Parlours, Two Handsome and Commodious Public Rooms, and about Seventy Beds.

Carriages and Post Horses on the Shortest Notice.

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Coaches to and from the Station at Callander will run daily during the Tourist Season.

TROSACHS HOTEL,
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E. B. had the distinguished honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales and Suite, the greater part of the time they were in the Lake District, the early part of May 1857. And from his house they made their daily excursions to Fairfield, Helvellyn, Rydal Falls, Loughrigg, the Langdales, and across the mountains to Borrowdale.

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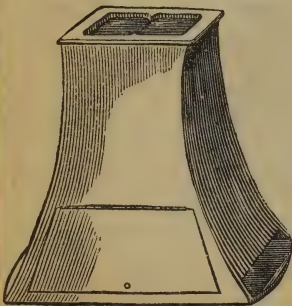
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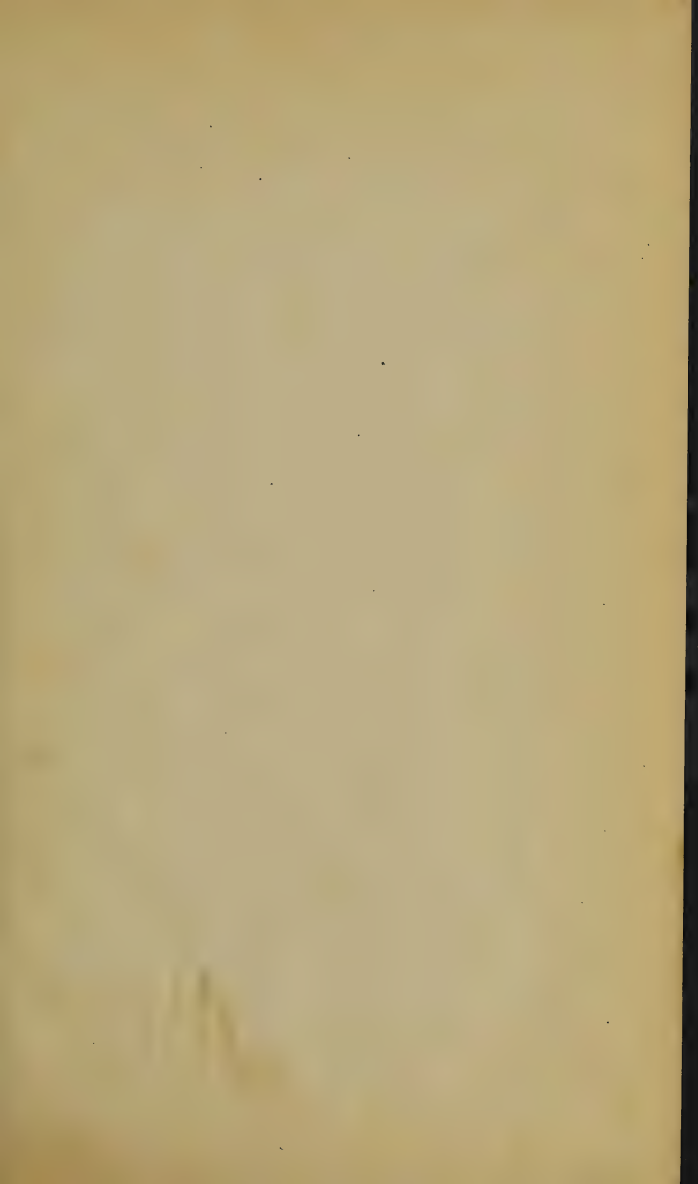
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